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War Story by Mike Blackburn

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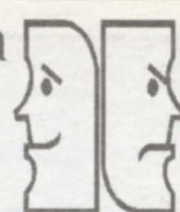
"Dooley" by John Larrabee

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What's up with Shows and Music?

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The INNOVATOR

A Governors State University Student Publication

GSU ARCHIVES
GSU A 580-12

Trespasser chopping down trees on property adjacent the GSU campus

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

Contrary to posted signs, someone has been fishing and swimming in the ponds south of the GSU campus. Tracks can be seen in the soft earth in the woods near the ponds, and it is known that the trespasser has been cutting down trees in the forested acres. Since the activities are taking place at night, no one has seen the culprit. Recently, however, evidence has been left in an area that has been cordoned off behind parking lot 'D'.

"We know (about the perpetrator)," said Chief Phil Orawiec of GSU's Department of Public Safety, in response to an inquiry "It's a beaver." According to Dr. John Yunger, professor of biology, the beaver is probably from a family group comprised of two territorial adults and their offspring. GSU's property and the surrounding area can support only one family group. This group has a lodge, but it is not close to the campus.

"Most of the beavers around here are bank beavers," said Yunger, "so they don't do extensive damming." They burrow and build their lodges along the sides of the pond banks. Sticks and branches are placed over the lodge covering it. Food is then pinned under the water. "They are not damming up the pond right now." Their lodge is south of the campus.

Beavers are nocturnal animals and are not usually aggressive. If approached, they will run away. "If you manage to pin or corner one of them somehow, they can pack quite a bite, though," said Yunger. "They've got very large incisors, but you have to get it cornered, and at that point, you're probably asking for it." It is unlikely that anyone would encounter one of the beavers during the day. If one is seen, it is best to leave the creature alone. They do not like to cross open areas; therefore, it is unlikely that they will come close to the building.

Beavers prefer soft wood trees like aspens and willows. The decorative trees do not seem to be in danger at this time. Yunger stated, "The trees they are munching on now are cottonwoods." Some of the cottonwood trees that have been chewed are in the area that is cordoned off by lot D. The smallest of trees has been felled, but the largest tree still stands. In excess of 50 feet, it has a large trunk that has been chewed down to a slender diameter and presents a hazard.

Jo Shaw of Physical Plant Operations explained that they do not have the man power or the funds to complete the beaver's work. "We're waiting for 'Mother Nature' to take care of it (tree)," she said. "We're hoping that it will fall into the pond." Trees around campus have been chewed off-and-on. "The beaver likes to build dams," Shaw stated, but explained that he was not building a dam on GSU property at this time.

The parking lots drain into the man-made ponds that drain into Thorn Creek. When the furry engineer does dam up the pond, lot D floods. Shaw said, "We take the dam out every time he builds." At this time, the beaver is only gnawing on some trees. "We're not going to kill him," said Shaw, "and we don't have the manpower to trap it." He has created a hazard by lot D pond and Physical Plant Operations advises everyone to steer clear of the area.



This large tree still stands, but for how long? The culprit does this handy-work at night but has yet to be caught in the act.

Check this out

A Student Senate candidate's forum is scheduled for Thursday, October 23, at 3:30 and 6:30 p.m. in the Hall of Governors.

This is students' opportunity to be informed about the candidate's sitting on various university governing boards.

Be informed when you vote November 10-12.

Ask questions and get answers from the candidates.

Pizza will be served.

Student Senate writes resolution

GSU's Student Senate has written a resolution opposing House Bill 923, as amended by Governor James Edgar. The resolution reads as follows: "Whereas university students should not be denied their right to elect representatives through a direct democratic process granted to them through the United States Constitution, an appointed student cannot fundamentally serve as an appropriate means of checks and balances.

"Whereas student elected representation provides for a fair and objective process,

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*We extend our thanks to the many contributors to this edition of
The INNOVATOR.*

News of the World

What's military about ECOWAS?

by Zeambo W. Danweih

When I first learned about Ecomog's going to Freetown, I was saturated with confusion as to what is wrong with mankind. In our quest to maintain peace in the West African sub region, it is feared that our instrument for peace is indeed inadequate. As the 20th summit of the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS) neared, there were doubts in many minds as to who should represent Sierra Leone. The West African leaders' decision to welcome ousted president Ahmad Tejan Kabbah into the conference as the Sierra Leonean envoy accentuated the international body's disdain for the military junta in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

It can be recalled that on May 25 an elite fragment of the armed forces, led by major Johnny Koromah, toppled the Kabbah government. This is a replication of a series of military takeovers in the West African state since the death of the late President Shaka Stevens. In a forceful gesture to restore Kabbah's presidency and foster peace, ECOWAS has not only imposed a sanction on the Koromah government but has deployed troops to the land in the hope of flushing out the so-called "illegitimate government" that is regarded as a "threat to peace" in Sierra Leone.

The question that remains unanswered is whether this "peace keeping" scheme is appropriate. It can be recalled that the Economic Community of West African States employed a similar measure in the Liberian civil crisis, resulting in the death of thousands of innocent civilians and the devastation of the nation. It is the view of many pacifists that peace can be attained through a nonviolent means. They believe that West Africa, especially, will sooner or later see that in the final analysis it is they who lose out — lives, savings, infrastructures, peace, dignity, sovereignty and the rest.

While we empathize with ousted president Kabbah and his call on Washington to restore his lost presidency, we would wish that such requests, if granted, take an approach other than the age-old warfare method. The lives of the thousands of Sierra Leoneans are at stake in that sub region are worth more than any one man's political rule.

If the Gulf War and Panama Invasion are too abstract to learn from, West Africans should consider the Liberian question as an example of how violence has — and will continue — to fail to achieve man's aim. Barely months after an unsuccessful exhibition in Liberia, ECOWAS should learn that the forceful imposition of one's will only compounds problems. If the military junta is wrong, then so is Ecomog's fight with the Armed Forces Revolutionary Council (AFRC). The old adage remains true even today — two wrongs can not make one right.

Some of the many reasons why war is the worst measure for attaining peace are that the phenomenon is in and of itself paradoxical. How can one foster peace through war? Those are two totally opposing ideas, and its practitioners will continue to be looked at with eyes of suspicion. People will wonder whether they really mean what they say or are hiding their selfish intentions under the veneer of "peace." Another reason concerns the innocent civilians involved. Records of wars around the world have proven that the innocent are most affected by war.

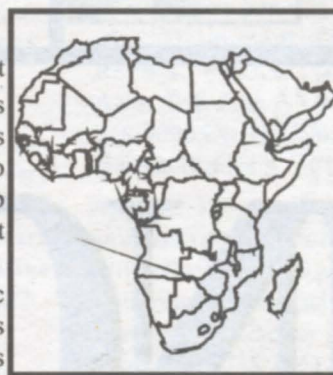
In the West African case, over 150,000 people who had no reason to die accounted for the casualties. Many of those could have become

The old adage remains true even today -- two wrongs can not make one right.

prominent and indispensable figures in the world. Already unprepared Liberians are hosting thousands of uninvited Sierra Leonean refugees fleeing the war between Ecomog and the AFRC, and it is not clear how short their stay in this seven year war-devastated land of Liberia will be.

A third reason why war is the worst measure for attaining peace is the risk involved for all. As the civilians' lives are at stake in a warfare, so are the lives of the militants themselves. Many don't live to achieve the end for which they had risked their lives. The world was misled by the allies in the Liberian war when they concealed the death toll of the Ecomog soldiers.

Finally, there is absolutely nothing military about ECOWAS. The Economic Community of West African States was founded for economic and not military purposes. To become a regional "policeman" means overstepping the dictates of its own constitution. This "new role" of ECOWAS has become so important that West African leaders are neglecting their economic roles and becoming slack on their financial responsibility, which is integral to the viability of the organization.



The reader's always write

Dear Ted,

You should be ashamed of yourself. Let's imagine your son was truly sick and you had no money. First of all, that is an impossible situation to be in. But as you know, when you have children you do what you have to. Imagine that man trying to decide what to do. He found his courage and luckily you, someone who would understand his situation.

You felt good, you helped out a fellow human being in need. Perhaps he should have said "I cannot pay you back," but would you have still helped him out? Of course you would. That's why he asked you. So here is your ten bucks back, and stop whining. Your good deed is negated for whining about it.

So, sir, you are an idiot, not for helping out someone in need — but for whining about ten bucks.

Sincerely,

Your conscience
(Name withheld upon request)

Dear Conscience,

I appreciate your concern and the cash. However, it is not money that is the issue but dishonesty; my good nature was taken advantage of, and I was ripped off. Hopefully, if you're in school, you're not studying a subject which requires an ability to infer.

I'm going to keep the ten spot in my wallet and give it to the next guy on the street that asks me for cash.

Ted Spaniak, managing editor and idiot

Travel Advisory

On Tuesday, October 28, from 5:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. the railroad crossing just east of Governors Highway on Stuenkel Road (University Parkway) will be closed to traffic.

Be prepared to take an alternate route.

Rain date is Wednesday, October 29.

Stuff you should know

Haunted fun in the Forbidden Forest

The ghosts and goblins will be running free in the Forbidden Forest at Lemon Lake County Park from Thursday, October 23 through Saturday, October 25. After you pass through the Tunnel of Doom to the other side of reality, guides will lead you through the haunted forest full of frightful creatures, tortured souls, and wicked beings. Don't worry, the guides will protect you and keep you safe from harm. While in the forest, you cannot touch creatures from the other side and they cannot reach out and touch you.

It will cost each mortal \$4 for this frightful experience. The gates open at 5:45 each night. Those inside the gates before 9 p.m. on Thursday or 10 p.m. on Friday and Saturday will be allowed to enter into the Forbidden Forest. If weather conditions are questionable, call (219) 769-PARK before coming to the park to confirm whether or not the forest will be open.

Hot chocolate, coffee, hot dogs and other concessions are available at the end of the trail for those who make it out alive. Parents with young children should use discretion.

Lemon Lake is located at 6322 W. 133rd Avenue, in Crown Point, Indiana. For more information please call (219) 769-PARK.



Join the Communications Club

Would you like to meet other students in communication fields? Could you use advice from people already working in communication fields? Are you getting the most you possibly can out of your college experience? Will networking help you find a job after graduation? Would you like to take advantage of "members only" outing to seminars and special events? Would you like to explore various careers in communications?

These things are all done right here on campus. Enjoy guest speakers. Spend a day with a professional in the field of your interest. Attend the National Communication Association Annual Meeting. Make preparations to be present at the 1997 Conference of the organization for the study of communication, language and gender. All are welcome to the next meeting held Wednesday, November 5, at 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. in the Student Commons, A2140.

Don't miss Convocation at 2:30 p.m. today

Students, faculty and staff are invited to attend Convocation on Monday, October 20, 1997 at 2:30 p.m. in the Sherman Music Recital Hall.

GSU President Paula Wolff will talk about GSU's progress over the past year, and you'll hear representatives speak from the student's perspective.

Sixteen faculty excellence awards will be presented, and the Baysore Award will also be presented.

Refreshments will be served in the Hall of Governors following Convocation.

Club Notices

Psychology Club meeting

Psychology Club is hosting a meeting focusing on practicums on Tuesday, October 21, from 6:30 to 8 p.m. in the Student Commons. All students are invited to attend.

Have a safe and happy Halloween!



Illinois Counseling Association conference scheduled

The Illinois Counseling Association (ICA) will be holding its annual conference, "Creating Caring Communities," in Springfield at the Hilton Hotel, Nov. 5 - 8.

Continuing education units (CEUs) are available for all sessions and workshops.

For more information, call Kim Cannon at (847) 516-9324.

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10/97

Tutors needed

Project HOPE is seeking academic tutors to work with middle school and high school students at south suburban area schools. This is an excellent opportunity for a responsible individual interested in helping young Latino students improve their academic skills.

Tutors will be paid \$9 per hour. For more information call Fredericka Mancha at (708) 534-5000, extension 5979.

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The world was screaming for someone to tie together Columbus, "The Three Little Pigs," multiculturalism, and e pluribus unum

by Ted Spaniak, managing editor

Another meaningless American holiday has just passed: Columbus Day. At one time in our nation's history, it was certainly more relevant and carried some sense of pride with it.

Of course, these days, it's hard to feel good about Columbus Day — not because America doesn't deserve to be recognized as perhaps the greatest country the world has ever known — but because many modern minds have trouble with Columbus' style. And deservedly so.

Today, it's very hard to imagine sailing to a far off land and, upon arriving, telling the people of that land that it is no longer theirs, but yours and your Queen's, and that God also thinks it's the right thing to do.

"Oh, and by the way, we'd like to make you all slaves now (if you don't mind) and (you'll like this), take some of you back to our country to show you off. Whaddya say, Chief? We got a deal?"

Our modern sensibilities finally became offended at what was once standard operating procedure in the European culture. Unfortunately, all this guilt spawned a wave of political correctness toward Euromales that, as the following example illustrates, is absurd.

In her article, "Rethinking 'The Three Little Pigs,'" Ellen Wolpert is worried about the hidden messages in the famous fairy tale. This Boston pre-school director claims to have been "sensitized by the movement for a multicultural curriculum" which taught her to question everything. Consequently, Wolpert was struck by the question, "Why are brick homes better than straw homes?"

Wolpert claims that after thinking about this weighty subject she realized "that one of the most fundamental messages of 'The Three Little Pigs' is that it belittles straw and stick homes and the 'lazy types' who build them. On the other hand, the story extols the virtues of brick homes, suggesting that they are built by serious, hard-working people and strong enough to withstand adversity."

"Is there any coincidence," Wolpert asks, "that brick homes tend to be built by people in Western countries, often by those with [gasp] money? That straw homes are more common in non-European cultures, particularly Africa and Asia?"

So now we know; the lack of respect many minorities have had to suffer through in America is due to the subliminal messages in the folklore that the dominant

culture was exposed to as children.

Ellen, baby, sweetheart, do you think it is possible that "The Three Little Pigs" is about nothing more than the tensile strengths of various building materials and that the sub-text goes no further than to illustrate that hard work and laziness are HUMAN attributes, with laziness being less beneficial than industriousness.

Or does "industrious" sound too much like "industrial," which of course connotes that damn European tendency to invent things, like ships — ships that are fit to travel over the ocean to distant lands carrying hard-working megalomaniacs intent on conquering those lazy straw-hut dwellers?

Wolpert's over-thought, politically correct stance gives multiculturalism a very bad name, defeating its purpose by constructing a trite, ridiculous argument in order to gain more respect for those American citizens whose ancestor's building codes were decidedly non-European. I feel confident, however, that whatever abuses this nation's minorities have suffered over the past 500 years were probably never once inspired by the implied pro-European bias in "The Three Little Pigs."

It's time to stop bashing Euromales. We know what they did; it's over. As a nation of diverse cultures and religions, we need to figure out from THIS point in time how to be Americans together; we need to redefine what it means to be an American. Additionally, as a nation of many cultures, a national identity is an essential element if we are to remain strong and secure amidst the international chaos, competition, and hatred of America.

The bald eagle, the symbol of our nation, sometimes grasps a banner in its beak, sometimes in its claws which reads "E Pluribus Unum." Translation: "From many one." Up until the latter part of this century, what this really meant was "From many cultures one white, patriarchal Christian culture." Hopefully, a redefined translation will mean "Despite diversity one nation." Realizing this standard would undoubtedly be one of humankind's most monumental and significant achievements.



Censored!

A commentary

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

The American Library Association is at it again (or still). It has listed banned and challenged books, and several of them have been targeted by a Colorado-based Christian ministry group, Focus on the Family.

I resent being told what my children can or cannot read; it is the right and responsibility of the parent to supervise the child's literature. It is also the right of the individual to determine what he or she wishes to read. Furthermore, it amazes me that anyone would allow strangers to make these decisions for them. What is of greater concern is that more than 50 percent of these banned books have been penned by well-known and respected African-American authors. This type of censorship denied the public the works of gifted authors like Zora Neale Hurston for a great number of years. Let us hope that this is not happening again.

Coffee Will Make You Black continues to be the recipient of criticism. It is an autobiography by April Sinclair depicting an eighth-grade teen's struggle to grow with her peers and to reach the next social level — high school. Set in the southside of Chicago in the 1960s, Sinclair's story is rich with African-American culture mingled with Chicago's rising turmoil of that time. Sinclair chronicles the history and events affecting Chicago and colorfully conveys the confusion that she felt dealing with the social and political issues.

The book is laced with street language, cultural expression, and social attitudes. Though the language and innuendos may at first seem offensive, one should realize that the story is not meant to express the language, social demeanor, and prejudice as society's values today, but that of the past.

Sinclair carries her readers through her failures and triumphs knowing that many children deal with these same issues as they stumble through puberty. The names may have changed, but many of the situations and confrontations with peers are the same as experienced by many children today. Many passages are humorously expressed. Sinclair, analyzing the stress of having (or not having) a large bust, declares, "I still thought breasts might be more trouble than they were worth. Growing up reminded me a little bit of hide-and-go-seek. When it was your time to grow up, Nature said, 'Here I come, ready or not.' And Nature could always find you." There are no open sexual scenes in the novel; however, there are sexual

connotations. Open description and discussion of both male and female anatomy is made throughout the novel warranting parent discretion, but this is as offensive as this book gets.

Coffee Will Make You Black is an excellent book and viewed as a story told of a time past; and if the reader is not from Chicago, insight of the Southside would be gained; anyone from the Southside would embrace nostalgia.

Maya Angelou's *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* came under attack when a few grammar schools listed it as suggested reading. Angelou, a survivor of a difficult childhood, is a well-known author. She lectures frequently and it is well worth your while to hear her speak. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* is the story of Angelou's adolescent life, depicting the culture and racism in the South in the 1950s and 1960s. Her book also deals with family issues and what children of divorced parents must deal with.

Angelou has the artistic ability to allow the reader the chance to view life through a child's eyes. The context is serious, but there are passages that give rise to laughter as one witnesses situations as perceived with the honesty of a child. The scene that prompted the criticism of this book is the rape of Angelou as an eight year old child. The physical aspects leading up to the rape, and the rape itself, are graphically detailed. The story continues with the description of the fear and anguish that she felt and endured. Though many reviews focus on this aspect of the book, the rape is not the focus of the story; it is merely the basis for explaining her many years of muteness and the reason for her and her brother's exile to their grandmother's home.

The novel includes, but is not limited to, the issues of the dissolution of the family structure, racism, women's rights, and reconstruction of relationships. Though these are sensitive issues, they need to be dealt with; ignoring them through censorship and banning is not going to make them go away. The complex issues and detailed violence qualifies this book to be reviewed by the parents to determine if the child has the capability to handle its content, but certainly that does not disqualify it from being valuable literature.

These are only two of the censored books; there are others in the same genre. Given the controversial issues and in one case violence, the content of these books is inappropriate for young children and, perhaps, for sensitive readers. Yet, there has to be another system devised for those of us who prefer to retain our autonomy regarding our reading matter other than discounting an author or a book through banning. If a rating system works for celluloid, why would it not work for literature? Focus on the Family would then have to find something else to attack: the news!

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therefore be it resolved that the Student Senate of Governors State University, speaking for its constituents, firmly opposes the amendments made to House Bill 923 and recommends that this veto be overridden by the Illinois General Assembly, thus passing the bill in its original form."

The issue is this: Heretofore, the students sitting on the governing boards of Illinois' public universities have not held voting rights.

While Edgar's amendment to HB 923 would allow the students of these boards those rights (with some exceptions), the governor would choose the student on the

board from several proposed students.

This is what the GSU Student Senate and some other university Student Senate's oppose. By allowing the governor to appoint, it is felt the student no longer represents the student body but becomes a political appointment and subject to the politics that placed him/her there.

On Wednesday, Oct. 22, a meeting is being held at Northeastern University to get a consensus from the various Illinois public universities on this issue to present to the Illinois General Assembly.

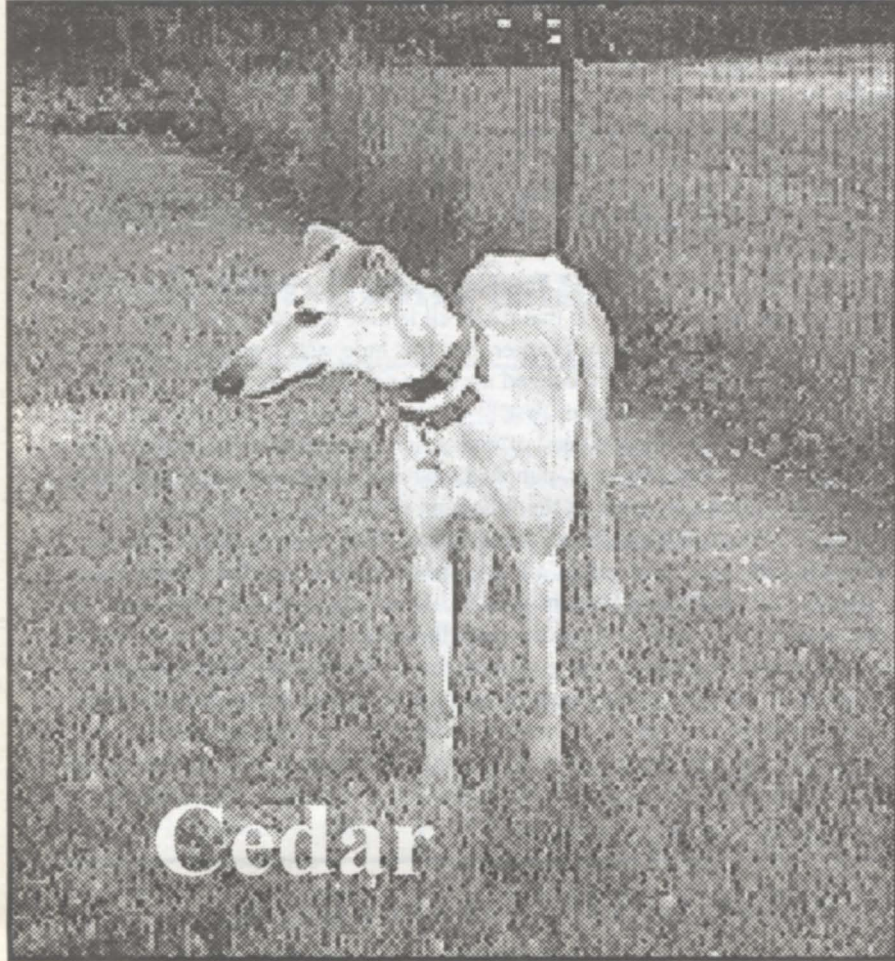
The General Assembly will consider revised legislation in the fall veto session.

Run for your life

When you go to the dog races the next time and bet on which dog will win, remember these animals are truly running for their lives.

Racing greyhounds are given six opportunities to win, place or show. If they don't, they're history. While statistics vary, anywhere from 28,000 to 40,000 greyhounds are killed every year because they don't win races and are no longer a good business investment for their owners.

The spokesperson for the Greyhound Protection League in Connecticut, Melani Nardone, said, "I don't know why anyone would want to be in this (racing) business. There's not a whole lot of money in it, and it's filled with death."



While 15,000 greyhounds are adopted each year, Nardone said, "I can't understand how some of these people can say they love these animals, and then with the next breath admit they're going to put them down because they have other dogs to care for."

Only 17 states allow greyhound racing. Six tracks nationwide have closed since 1995. The two tracks that have opened since 1995 declared bankruptcy, and one has closed. The decrease is largely attributed to the increase in gambling casinos.

I am an owner of one of those greyhounds that would have been killed within a week if she hadn't been adopted. Cedar was 18 months old at that time. She must not have been very fast because that is about the age they start racing.

We picked her up in Elkart, Indiana, adopting her through an organization called Greyhound Companions. She, along with about 20 other dogs, made the trip non-stop without food or water (because they would get sick) from Florida. (Not all dogs are from Florida.)

It was a pitiful sight. These dogs were so afraid that they shook, some violently. They don't even know how to walk up and down stairs because they have never experienced it. Cedar was afraid of everyone for some time. She ran upstairs and hid, especially from men.

That was three years ago. Now, she loves company, and she is so lovable! She runs like the wind on a racetrack of her own making in our fenced-in yard. I can't imagine that she would have been killed if we hadn't taken her. That is exactly what would have happened, though.

There are a number of adoption agencies. Petsmart stores in the area have the phone number for one organization located in Frankfort, Ill. If you have access to the World Wide Web, you can pull up information under the URL <http://www.usadog.org/docs/newsstory.html>.

If you are looking for a pet, consider the greyhound. If you are a gambler, go to a casino instead of supporting an industry that kills these beautiful and affectionate animals.

Thank you.



Not now, I've got a migraine headache

Health Tips

by Ann Pace



Migraine headaches are one of the most painful ailments that anyone can experience. As a longtime migraine headache sufferer, I am more than casually aware of that fact. The pain from a severe migraine headache makes even the simplest tasks hard to manage. Easy things, like making the bed or doing the dishes, become torture to tackle.

The causes for migraines are as varied as the number of people afflicted with this horrible ailment. Sometimes the causes are sinus related. Sometimes it could be chemical imbalances in the body and/or brain. Other times, they could be caused from a physical problem, such as spurs on the cervical spine and/or a pinched nerve, or even a serious problem like a brain tumor.

Because all migraines are not caused by the same thing, doctors really have their work cut out for them when it comes to diagnosing and treating them. The best approach to finding the right diagnosis and treatment for a migraine should be one of caution. Finding a doctor that does not lump all migraine patients into one group is a migraine sufferer's best choice. This type of approach by a doctor assures a migraine sufferer that the exact cause of his/her headache will be diagnosed accurately, and that the appropriate treatment will be given.

The best way to discover what could be causing a migraine is to use the "process of elimination" procedure. Just like with a car, first try the least expensive test, such as sinus problems. Next, an extensive blood test to check chemical imbalances may be in order. Finally, a Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) may be necessary. This test will diagnose any physical cause for migraines. Caution should also be the rule when it comes to treating migraines. Strong sinus and pain killing medicines can be addictive, or can cause other problems if used for too long. Low doses, given for short periods of time, are less harmful in the long run. Also, changing the medication every few months may be in order.

For some physical causes, like spurs on the cervical spine, a simple over-the-door neck traction device, at a cost of around \$12, may be all that is needed. If a pinched nerve is involved, sometimes a mild nerve and muscle relaxer will be prescribed along with some type of traction device. A brain tumor, on the other hand, will be more difficult to treat and may even require surgery.

As you can see, migraines are not easily or quickly diagnosed or treated. Their causes vary from patient to patient. On the brighter side, modern technology and medicines have made them more diagnosable and treatable than ever before.

Migraine sufferers, the best advice I have for you is to be patient and cautious when trying to discover exactly what causes your migraines and how to treat them. If you do that, I believe your path to good health will go more smoothly.

GSU students in action



Pictured from left to right are Brian Bessler, Steve Addair and Joe Lindsey. Lindsey is and his crew are producing a dark comedy about relationships called "Inn Fidelity," as a graduate project. In addition to the three visible in the photograph, other crew are John DeYoung, Michael Scanlan and Dan Brennan.



Illinois Landscapes No. 5 by John Henry. Is it a symphony or food?

Illinois Landscapes No. 5 may sound like a symphony, but it is actually one of the favorite sculptures in The Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park at GSU. Affectionately called, "French Fries," the monumental sculpture has been undergoing restoration, along with some of the other sculptures in the park.

Send us your favorite photo of GSU campus life, and you may win an INNOVATOR T-shirt.

At the end of this trimester, we'll pick our favorite photo from your favorite photos.

It Won't Pay the Bills

Artistic contributions

Dooley

by John Larrabee, GSU alumnus

John Larrabee is a 1984 GSU alumnus and former Rich South English teacher, who now teaches at Robert Morris College in Chicago. Larrabee is also an actor and can be seen playing the part of George Bailey in Chicago Heights' Drama Group presentation of "It's a Wonderful Life," in December.

Dooley wrapped himself in blankets as he padded from bedroom to kitchen. The boy, Popeye, was seated at the kitchen table, eating, hunched over, rocking slightly. Dooley gave him a blanket-enveloped bear hug, accompanied by the appropriate guttural growl. Popeye grunted as Dooley sat opposite, lighting the remains of yesterday's half-smoked cigarette.

"Good morning, slugger!" Dooley bellowed before breaking into song: "In the wee small hours of the morning, while the whole wide world is fast asleep... Who's that, kid?"

"S'notra," mumbled Popeye.

"That's right, me boy, Sinatra it is. Ah, the kid might amount to something yet. Hurry up and grow up so you can get rich an famous and support your old man, eh? Biggest damn mistake this country ever made, child labor laws. What's that you're eating, dry cereal?"

"Milk in the refrigerator's a month old," said the boy in his characteristic monotone.

"Of course it's a month old!," exclaimed Dooley in mock-irritation. "What are they teaching you in that school? Don't you know that milk still retains over 70% of its nutritional value after a month? Of course, it acquires a few undesirable things along the way, but still..."

Popeye was unresponsive as the two sat in silence for over a minute. Finally, the youngster offered what had been his daily complaint for over two weeks: "It's cold."

"Of course it's cold! That's what happens when they turn the heat off, Einstein!" Dooley squirmed defensively as he stubbed out his butt and searched the ashtray for another. "Don't worry, kid, I'll go down to the utility company this afternoon and give 'em my pathetic, begging act. If that doesn't work, I'll do my Ethel Merman impression right there in their office. That always gets results!"

Popeye sighed, rocked a bit more, and finished the remains of his stale cereal. He gathered his books, put on his coat and headed for the door before Dooley stopped him with, "Say, you've got a birthday coming up, haven't you? What is it now, eight, nine?"

"Eleven," said Popeye.

"Good Lord, eleven already. Just a few more years before you're legally entitled to learn the fine art of burger-flipping, eh? Tell you what. What say we have a little party this weekend? You can invite all your little pals, we'll get some frozen pizzas..."

"What friends?" moped the boy. "Nobody's parents will let them come over here because of you. The only time anybody ever talks to me any more is to make fun of my name..."

"Oh, let me rosin up the bow and get my violin! Little whiner! Don't forget, you're named after a great man, a cultural icon, a salty sailin' man, arf-arf-arf-arf..."

He blathered on as Popeye emotionlessly walked out the door. Dooley called after him:

"Cross against the light! Play in traffic! HAR! Just kiddin'!" Popeye walked on without turning back.

"Damn kid's got no sense of humor," Dooley muttered as he went to the drawer to search for a bottle opener. Piles of unpaid bills and disconnection notices stared at him. "Gotta do something about that heat," he muttered. He found the opener, took a bottle of beer from the refrigerator, and went into the tiny, cluttered living room to stare out the window as he drank in silence. Fifteen minutes passed before he decided to go back to bed.

"I'll do my Ethel Merman impresson."

Dooley reawoke shortly after noon and spent some time rolling over in bed, letting his sinuses drain from side to side. He blinked one eye, then the other, as he played "Disappearing Mountain" with his pile of pillows before arising to officially start his day. He took as long a cold shower as he could tolerate, then selected the cleanest clothes he could find from the pile on the floor. He found a tie that almost matched, combed his wet hair that hadn't seen a barber's scissors in four months, and checked himself out in the mirror. "Lookin' slick!" he said, snapping his fingers.

An hour later, he stood at the entrance to Griffin's Drugstore. Dooley was relieved to see that the "Help Wanted: Part Time" sign he had seen in the window a week before was still there. He took a deep breath, strolled in confidently, removed the sign, and approached the young woman behind the counter.

"Greetings my young lovely," Dooley chimed as he reached over and pinched her cheek. "Where might I find the proprietor of this here fine establishment?"

"Um, well, Mr. Griffin's in the back office, if you, uh, want me to call him, I'll..."

Dooley interrupted the confused girl: "No need to trouble yourself, sweets. I'll find him myself!" He strode to the back of the store, ignoring the halting protests of the counter girl.

Peering through the crack in a door marked "Employees Only," Dooley saw a slight, balding man hunched over a small desk, working a calculator and making entries in a ledger. "A-HEM!" growled Dooley as the little man looked up, startled.

"Yes, may I help you?"

Dooley walked over to a vacant chair, tore the "Help Wanted" sign in two and threw it on the floor. He sat himself, stretched his arms, and put his feet up on the

desk. "Griffin my boy, your troubles are over!" he chimed cheerily. "I'm here to help you turn your struggling little enterprise here into an empire! I'm tellin' ya, we'll make corporate history, pal! We'll give this dump a whole new look! We'll have clowns, dancing girls..."

"Yes, well, ah, if you're here to apply for the part-time position, we're looking for some stock room help, about twenty hours a week," the bewildered Mr. Griffin stammered. "Here's an application. You can fill it out and leave it at the front counter on your way out."

Dooley burst out of his chair, knocking it to the floor in the process. "Oh, I get it! Don't call us, we'll call you, is that it? Well lemme tell you something, Chromedome, I've lived in slums classier than this hole, and I wouldn't work for you if you dropped to your knees and begged me from now until doomsday or until the cows come home, whichever comes first!"

With that, Mr. Griffin stood and offered a nervous but firm, "Get out!" He picked up the phone from his desk, punched a button, and Dooley heard "Security!" reverberate throughout the store as the little man spoke into the receiver.

Dooley's tone suddenly shifted to petulance. "Aw, shucks, Mistah Griffin. You don't have to call security or nothin'. I'm goin' quietly. Yeah, that's what I'm doin', goin' quietly, see? I wuz just messin' with ya. Here's two bits for your sign." He tossed a quarter on the desk as he moved rapidly out of the office and towards the front of the store. He gave a parting wink to the girl at the counter and had a fleeting notion to spit on the floor, but thought better of it as he kicked the door open and left.

Dooley spent the next few hours wandering the local park by the river, skipping stones, chasing kids and ducks and breaking into spontaneous song for the benefit of bewildered passers-by. Having spent the last of his pocket change on a hot dog lunch,

**Sober, he hadn't the confidence.
Drunk, he hadn't the control.**

he had nothing left for bus fare; so he geared himself up for the twenty-block hike to his next destination, MacDougal's Pub on the North side of the city.

Arriving shortly before seven o'clock, sweaty and footweary from his walk, he entered the small tavern to see a few regulars plopped on the stools and the owner busy behind the counter stocking little glasses with the day's supply of olives, lemon twists and maraschino cherries. Tired though he was, Dooley still managed an overly-cheery "Evenin', James!" as he made his grand entrance. "Nothin' else to do, so I thought I'd get started a little early tonight, if it's all the same to you."

"And aren't we all so honored," said the owner sarcastically, casting a knowing glance at the regulars.

Dooley helped himself to a beer, and took his place behind the small electric piano on the tiny, dimly-lit platform stage. He took a deep swig from his bottle, then closed his eyes and improvised quietly away, losing track of time, lost in a reverie of blue notes and images of concert halls and the redhead whose face he couldn't quite reconstruct any more. He opened his eyes to an early Friday night crowd who chatted pleasantly away, oblivious to his quiet tinkling. Dooley shook his head and chuckled, "Showtime!"

He was a talented singer and pianist who never quite got the hang of performing for an audience. Sober, he hadn't the confidence. Drunk, he hadn't the control. And his oddball repertoire of obscure show tunes and patter songs never went over particularly well, to put it mildly. On this particular night, Dooley was into the second chorus of "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" when a hockey-jerseyed customer slammed his beer down on his table, screamed "Shut the hell up!" in Dooley's general direction, and tore a path to the jukebox. Inserting \$5, he punched a quick series of numbers, and in an instant, "Life in the Fast Lane" roared through the joint in Dolby stereo. A few people broke into applause, several more giggled and glanced at Dooley.

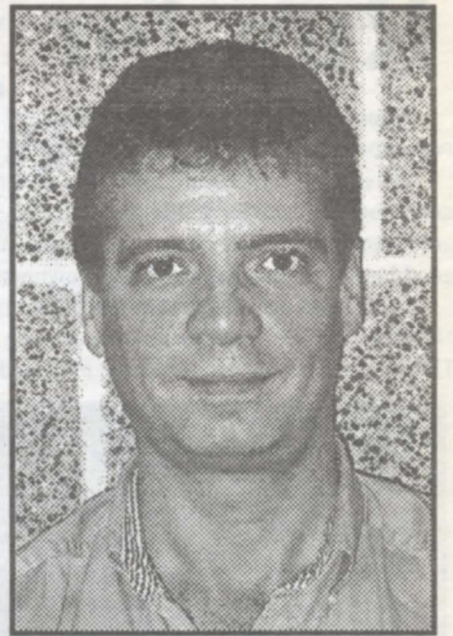
Dooley leaned back on his stool, flattened his head and back against the wall, and let his muscles, mind, and feelings drain, relax, and go numb. His head turned to see Jim MacDougal glaring at him from behind the bar, nodding in the direction of his office as if to say, "Let's go talk." Dooley nodded in turn, held up a finger as if to say, "Just a minute!" and walked quietly to the men's room. Once inside, he stood emotionless in front of the mirror for a good minute before picking up "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" from where he had left off, singing it to the end with full voice and confidence. He allowed cold water to run in one sink, hot in the next, and alternated splashing his face with the two. He ran his wet fingers through his hair several times, and proceeded to the door. Opening it a crack and peering through, he heard the owner call, "You're in charge for a coupla minutes, Sal!" Sally, waiting tables at the far end of the bar, laughed back an "Okay!" as MacDougal disappeared into his office. Dooley moved quickly.

He walked behind the counter, moving swiftly down the line of regulars at the rail. "Can I get anything for anybody?" he asked in a voice loud enough for only them to hear.

"Yeah, you off-the-wall looney," smiled one. "I'll take a refill on this beer."

Dooley promptly refilled the customer's glass, took the \$5 bill from the counter, and proceeded to the cash register. He had seen MacDougal stash the bank pouch

Continued on page 7



Continued from page 6

behind the curtain under the register many times. Reaching underneath, he found the zippered canvas bag and stuffed it with the contents of the register, including the fifties and hundreds under the tray -- all with the quiet swiftness and confidence of an employee just going about business. He zipped the bag shut almost but not quite to the locking point, placed the customer's change on the bar, and strolled briskly past the

going. I'll tell you when," was his directive. And Dooley promptly launched into a five-minute nap.

"Know where there's an all-night market around here?" he blurted out upon awakening to the startled driver.

"Uh, yeah, I think there's one about eight blocks east," said the cabbie, happy to have his biggest fare of the night.

"Go East, young man," instructed Dooley.

Slowly removing the canvas bag from under his coat,

"Everybody out!" called the driver a few minutes later, and Dooley awakened with the energy of a soldier on alert. He looked out the window at the glowing minimart and could not believe his luck. There, by the entrance, a mailbox and stamp machine. "Truly, one-stop convenience; truly, a charmed life! Wait here, shorty!" he snapped as he slammed the car door, entered the store, and quickly accomplished his brief mission of a box of envelopes and a newspaper.

Back in the cab, under the pretense of merely addressing a letter, Dooley wrapped the majority of the money in layers of newspaper and scrawled a woman's name and address in bold relief on the top layer. He stuffed an envelope with the wrapped bills, addressed the envelope to the boy, and went to the mailbox. Buying a packet of stamps, he placed one on the outside of the envelope, put the rest inside, sealed it, and dropped it in the mailbox. He deposited the canvas bag in the nearby trash, and parked himself once again into the back seat of the cab. "Foster Park, down by the riverfront," he

dark time/A couple of deals before dawn....," came Dooley's sung reply. "Guys and Dolls. Frank Loesser. 1950."

A hundred-dollar bill had left the cab driver a happy man ("Mister, you can sing 'Guys and Dolls' in my cab any night!"), and Dooley found himself in front of the dimly-lit gate to dimly-lit Foster Park, staring down dimly-lit paths where a few brave joggers dressed in flourescents braved the night's threats. It was only a few hundred yards ahead, past the little snack bar that extended off the end of the boathouse. A nearly two-acre stretch of untended land, whose trees, shrubs, weeds and gm. After several minutes, his leg brushed against what a lit match revealed to be a thick patch of shrubs and tall grasses. Dooley waded into the thickness and felt for a spot which would envelop and cradle him against the night. He balled up his coat to use as a pillow and lay down, shrouding himself in the weeds as best he could against the cold. He felt something dart across the back of his neck.

A now-steady rain filtered through the trees, weeds and grasses so that it felt to be no more than the early-evening mist. Dooley glimpsed a few stars and a crescent moon through the openings in the branches. He giggled helplessly for an hour before finally falling asleep.

He had seen MacDougal stash the bank pouch.

counter, the office, the jukebox, the men's room, and out the back door and into the alley.

He broke into a quiet trot, running on his toes, carefully lifting them from the pavement. With the wind and a drizzle in his face, Dooley half-closed his eyes and offered the night a full-throated chorus of "I Am the Captain of the Pinafore." Soon he was in the street, where he ran less than half a block before he was able to hail a cab. Opening the door to the taxi, Dooley heard the distant but unmistakable voice of MacDougal bellowing through the misty night: "Dooley! Dooley, Goddamn it!"

"Aye, a brawny Irish lad with a wee powerful set o' loongs," brogued Dooley to the puzzled cabbie. "Just keep

he held it low behind the seat out of the cabbie's rear view, crouched over it a bit, and quietly unzipped it. In the streetlit-intervals between the darkness, Dooley was able to count more than eight hundred and sixty dollars. "Coupla months, anyway," he thought as he yawned and shut his eyes.

"Mister, you can sing 'Guys and Dolls' in my cab any night."

"Wake me when we're there," he called to the front seat. Trying to recall a certain address, he dozed again.

directed. "This time of night?" laughed the driver in disbelief. "My time of day is the

Celebrate your heritage with the GSU community

On Monday, November 17 at 3 p.m. in the Hall of Governors the Committee on Diversity and Sense of Community will have a pre-Thanksgiving Day party to celebrate the rich heritage of all GSU community members by sampling ethnic foods and enjoying the diverse music that is a part of human history. There will be a very special surprise performance that you won't want to miss. Some committee members will also be in costume, and we invite you to wear a traditional costume.

Won't you join us and contribute to the celebration by sharing with the assembly a tradition that your family or ancestors practiced or still practice? Perhaps prepare a sample of some traditional dish to pass? Just call any of the following people on the committee coordinating this event saying you wish to participate: Glenn Abbott, extension 4132; Gusta Allen, extension 4504; Frances Bradley, extension 7056; Bill Craig, extension 4492; Virginia Eysenbach, extension 5151; Vreni Mendoza, extension 3087; Margaret Neumann, extension 4968 or Cecilia Rokusek, extension 4389.

You may also e-mail one of the committee members. We need to hear from you by October 27, so that we can set up our program. You need only say a few words in describing your traditions. And spend the rest of your time visiting, sampling ethnic cuisine, dancing and just having fun.

Two new faculty members join GSU

The College of Business and Public Administration has two new faculty members.

Dr. Brad R. Johnson, joined the accounting faculty, contributing significant expertise in teaching and research in the areas of accounting, taxation and municipal finance. He earned his Ph.D from the University of Houston, and a J.D. from the Northwestern School of Law at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon.

He has taught accounting, taxation and business law full-time in higher education for more than 15 years.

Linda V. Knight, university professor of management information systems, brings diverse expertise and experience to GSU. She will complete her Ph.D. from DePaul University this semester.

Her 18-year teaching history includes systems design and analysis, software development, artificial intelligence and programming languages.

Dean of CBPA Dr. William Nowlin said, "They bring tremendous experience to the positions, which will strengthen the capabilities and employability of GSU students."

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What's up with the shows!

Shows and Music

Center Stage: Live at The Center

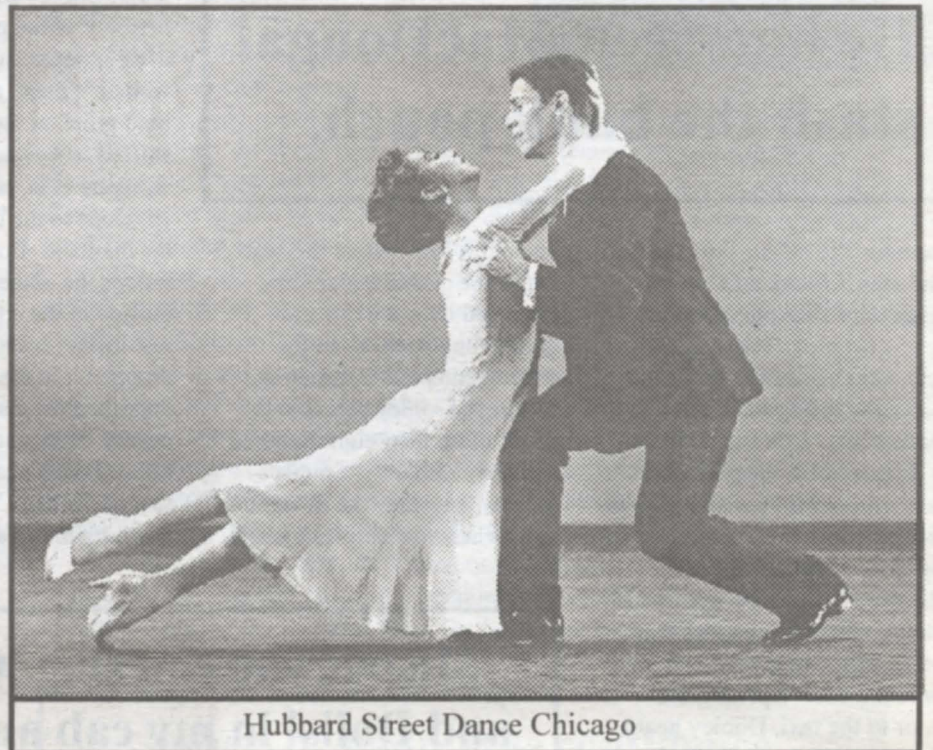
by Karen Piejko
Entertainment Reporter & Editor

Hubbard Street Dance Chicago returns to The Center

Don't miss the dynamic, choreographed splendor of Hubbard Street Dance Chicago, on Saturday, October 25, at 8 p.m. Hubbard Street Dance Chicago spins invigorating stories entirely through dance and theatrical movement. This internationally acclaimed dance company combines elements of jazz, ballet and contemporary movement to create a one-of-a-kind spectacle not to be missed.

Lynn Voedisch of the Chicago Sun-Times said Hubbard Street Dance Chicago is "Pure bliss, pure movement and pure joy." Janice Berman of New York Newsday said the show is "Utterly superb...nothing short of spectacular. Chicago's own Janet Davies (ABC 7/WLS-TV) said these dancers are "Defying gravity with grace and high voltage...a definite must-see."

Hubbard Street Dance Chicago will perform at The Center for Performing Arts at Governors State University for one night only. Tickets are \$35. Student discounts are available. This show is selling out quickly. Call (708) 235-2222 for details or stop by the box office.



Hubbard Street Dance Chicago

Park Forest Singers at The Center

The internationally renowned Park Forest Singers will bring their impeccable 80 member choir to The Center for Performing Arts on Sunday, October 26, at 4 p.m. The performance is called "An Evening with Gershwin," and will feature the greatest compositions ever written by the legendary master composer.

The locally based chorus has been entertaining on stages throughout the world for 21 seasons. Their highly polished act will come to GSU for one performance only.

Contact the box office at (708) 235-2222 for details or stop by the box office.

Sunday brunch and the Alcan String Quartet

The Sunday Brunch Series will continue with an invigorating performance by The Alcan String Quartet on Sunday, November 16, at 1:30 p.m. The Alcan String Quartet is Canada's most famous and highly acclaimed string quartet. "The ensemble's superb performance provided an experience of great beauty...admirably resilient, songful and refined playing," said The Montreal Gazette in their review of this musical quartet.

Show-only tickets are \$17.50. Brunch/Show tickets are \$35. Student discounts are available. Call (708) 235-2222 for details or stop by the box office.

Make it a "Miracle on 34th Street" holiday at The Center

It's not too early to think about Thanksgiving, so if you want to take family and friends somewhere special, consider a performance of the timeless classic *Miracle On 34th Street*, live on stage at The Center for Performing Arts. This musical adaptation is suitable for the entire family. *Miracle On 34th Street* will be performed on Friday, November 28, (The Day After Thanksgiving) at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$35. Student discounts are available. Call (708) 235-2222 for information or stop by the box office.

Illinois Philharmonic performs at GSU

The Illinois Philharmonic Woodwind Ensemble featuring works by Ravel, Lyadov, Rarkas, and Arnold will be performing a Pops Concert, Saturday, November 22 at The Center for Performing Arts at GSU.

Beginning in January, a five-concert Orchestra Series and a new program of Sunday Casual Classics matinees will also take place at the Center.

Tickets are available for these concerts through discounted series packages or single tickets. For further information on tickets or for a free season brochure, call the IPO office at (708) 481-7774.

Music News

Singer John Denver dies at age 53

by Karen Piejko

Internationally acclaimed musical legend, John Denver, died on Sunday, October 12, 1997, in an airplane accident at age 53. Denver, a licensed pilot, was flying in an airplane described as "experimental" when it suddenly plunged from the sky. He was the only person on board. Officials used finger prints to identify his body, and pieces of the wreckage were still being pulled from the water as of press time. It could take up to six months to determine the cause of the accident.

John Denver's musical career began in the 1960s. He was very influential in the folk music movement. Denver was the composer of "Leaving on a Jet Plane" which became an international hit for "Peter, Paul and Mary." Denver became a star in his own right as a platinum-selling recording artist with hits like "Rocky Mountain High" and "Thank God, I'm a Country Boy."

Denver co-starred opposite the legendary George Burns in the hit movie *Oh, God!* He wrote and recorded dozens of hit songs. One of his greatest songs was "Take Me Home Country Roads." He possessed an innate gift for singing simple songs that paid homage to nature and natural beauty of the world around us.

His love for nature and the environment prompted him to be involved in a great deal of charity work for environmental groups. He was active in Earth Day events and taught many people about the earth's delicate eco-system.

In recent years he had some personal problems, but he never stopped spreading joy to people through his words and music. Denver's songs were a rare, inspirational breed of music. With a rock-n-roll beat, but a pure folk feel, he brought out the best in people. The world has lost an outstanding entertainer and a very special friend.

Music: CD News & Reviews

By Karen Piejko

Album: *Contemplating The Engine Room*
Artist: Mike Watt
Label: Columbia
In Stores: 10/97



Mike Watt has released an extraordinary album, *Contemplating the Engine Room* on the Columbia label. It features exceptionally well written and produced material such as "In the Engine Room," "No One Says No to the Old Man" and "Breaking the Chokehold."

Strong vocals, excellent audio production and outstanding compositions are the most striking qualities of this album. These are the kind of songs that allow you to use your imagination. These songs will cause you to think.

Some of the material will take you back to another place and time. The lyrics were written in a folk-rock, blues tradition, spiced with an upbeat, contemporary, modern rock sound. In addition, the album is packaged very nicely, and the disc itself has a very unusual design. Very ingenious!

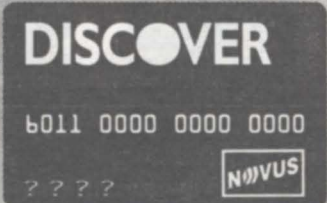
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WAR STORIES

Human suffering by design

by Michael J. Blackburn Sr.

Several weeks ago, I was approached by The INNOVATOR staff and asked if I would write something for this column. The purpose of the "War Story" column, I was told, was to give readers a sense of what the war experience is about.

I've been at a loss as to what to share with readers that would convey the experience of war. I had no heroics in mind when I joined the military in 1967. Truth be known, I was a high school drop out that was in trouble at the time. Joining the Marine Corps seemed to be one of the more attractive options available to me.

I had no illusions as to where I would go after boot camp. Vietnam was in full swing and public opinion supported the U.S. effort to give full commitment to the "police action" that was taking place there. I also had no illusions as to what military occupation I would be assigned. High school drop outs were, in most cases, assigned to be infantrymen or "grunts."

I arrived in Vietnam shortly after my 18th birthday. My first combat experience came within a week or so after that. My job at that time was that of an "ammo humper" for a mortars platoon. In short, this meant that I had several rocket-like projectiles attached to my back-pack. I saw first hand what happened to an ammo humper that had the misfortune to be struck by stray shrapnel, if there is such a thing. The young Marine simply ceased to exist, leaving only smoldering boots behind.

I volunteered to be a "forward observer" not long after my first exposure to combat. After artillery and map reading training concluded, I was teamed up with a radio operator and assigned to a forward infantry company. During my tour in Vietnam, I coordinated not only numerous mortar fire missions, but larger artillery, close air support, and naval gun fire missions as well. While the forward observer position brought me closer to actual combat, I no longer felt as if I had no control of the chaos around me. I moved from being an observer of

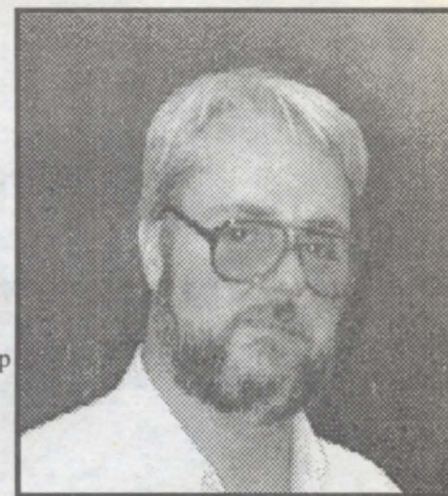
death to playing an active role in it.

My observation is that war is simply human suffering by design. It is common knowledge that soldiers, in an effort to keep their sanity and remove themselves from the moral dilemma of killing fellow humans, dehumanize the enemy. They are not people, they are _____s! (The reader can fill in the blank with any of the numerous names used to take away the identity of the enemy in the various wars the U.S. has participated in. If you can't think of any of these names, ask a vet. They'll know some.)

The experience of war adds a filter to perception. From the time a young soldier first participates in actual warfare, everything looks different. The degree to which the filter obscures perception may depend on how much combat was seen, how long the experience lasted, how many deaths were actually seen, or what role in the death of others the soldier played. Regardless of these factors, to the veteran of combat, nothing is ever the same as it was. Intimacy with death has forever changed the person.

This change may reveal itself through self-destructive behavior such as drug abuse. It may be reflected in abusive behavior towards others. More often than not, the effects of war stay burning under a thin shell of socially acceptable behavior that enables the individual to carry on with daily tasks while suffering various inner turmoil, such as inability to maintain long term relationships or general mistrust of others. As time passes, it simply becomes easier to keep this stuff inside rather than stir up long-buried memories.

Make no mistake, it never goes away. It lives on within the person. . . always there . . . part of the way the world is seen. For some, all it takes to bring it forward is a certain sound. . . (for me, the sound of a helicopter does it) or a song. . . or even a smell. It still amazes me to think that something that happened to me almost 30 years ago can still evoke such powerful emotions. Then again, I guess I should be thankful that I can still be amazed at all.



Jim Opon, director of Career Services offers students advice

Jim Opon, the new associate director of Student Development for Career Services has some advice for GSU students starting to search for a job in the Chicago area: pick up a copy of "How to Get a Job in Chicago." There are several copies of the book in the campus bookstore that you can purchase for \$16.95. Opon said this book is one of the tools available to students looking for a job locally.

In the book, you'll find quite a few references to searches that can be done via the Internet and several good search engines including Monster.com, which Opon is said is one of the best. Opon said each engine tends to have a focus, some on jobs centered around technology, others around business.

Beginning in the next edition of The INNOVATOR, Opon will have a column with tips about "hot jobs" and job search information. If there are specific questions that you

have, forward them to The INNOVATOR office, and we will print the answers to them in the paper.

In the meantime, take a look at these sites on the WWW: <http://riceinfo.rice.edu:80/projects/careers/>, <http://www.jobweb.org>, <http://www.careermag.com/careermag/> and <http://www.jobcenter.com/home.html>.

A job fair is being presented by GSU, Calumet College of St. Joseph and Indiana University Northwest on Thursday, November 20, from 1 to 5 p.m. at Indiana University Northwest, which is an easy drive from here. It is just off I-80 east.

For more information on this job fair, contact Jim Opon at (708) 235-3974 in Career Services.



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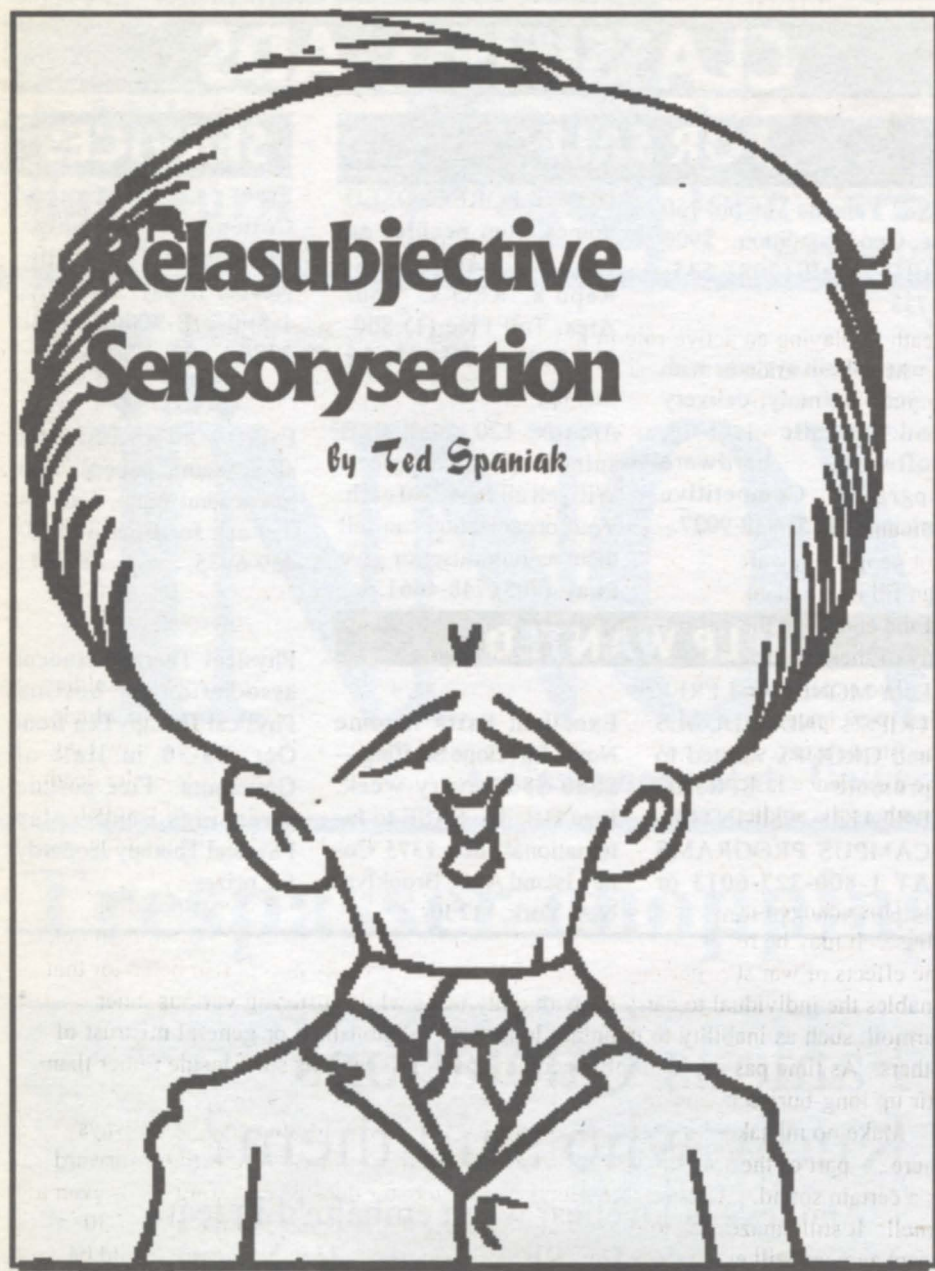
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A baby-boomer's lament

by Ted Spaniak

When I was in my twenties, people used to tell me I looked like Jesus. I had the beard and the long hair going and somehow fit the 20th century, pop-culture version of what Jesus was supposed to look like.

Recently, I ran into a guy I hadn't seen for a long time. I made him guess who I was; he couldn't do it. When I told him who I was, he said, "Jesus, what happened to you!" I just laughed because what had happened to me had happened to him, too: middle age.

I've learned to laugh but for the most part, middle age sucks. Don't let anybody kid you about it either. It sucks. I used to look like Jesus and now I look more like Fred Rutherford.

Unlike the middle-agers, you young, traditional students aren't laughing now because you don't understand the reference. See, Fred Rutherford was a character on *Leave it to Beaver*. This particular actor went on to play Mel Cooley on the *Dick Van Dyke Show* and is immortal in the hearts of all red-blooded baby-boomers.

Never mind.

I'm not going to bother with a diatribe about the classic TV shows and how you traditional students have been deprived of sit-coms with multi-dimensional characters whose dialogue is motivated by how the quirky particularities of their personality would respond in a given situation instead of the empty, stereotypical drivel inserted into the mouths of flat, one-dimensional 80s and 90s sit-com characters by cocaine-addled Hollywood writers trying to get ratings under any circumstance; it would just make me sound bitter.

But, dammit, I am bitter. We're all bitter. All of us middle-aged baby boomers are ticked about a lot of things. And you "Traditionals" are one of those things — especially those of you hovering around 20.

It's particularly entertaining to listen to you complain: "Gawd, I don't know what to dooo. If I don't take six classes this semester, I might not get my degree until I'm 24!"

I hate to use this phrase but...when I was your age, I was playing guitar in discos, wucka-chuckin "Shake Your Booty" for bumpin' babes in platform shoes and thinking it was the freaking RIGHT THING TO DO! And all us other middle-agers here at GSU were doing equally moronic things or else we wouldn't be here with our stomachs hanging over our Dockers, trying to get a GD education.

So be careful when you open your mouths around the bitter middle-agers — especially the men. Do you think it's easy watching your hair disappear only to find out that it really doesn't go away — it just relocates?

Yes. That's right. Someone needs to tell you young, male studs and the pert, nubile women (I only notice in a clinical, grandfatherly-like way, ladies) that the hair thing is a painful transition.

Someday, guys, you will have to shave more than your face; you will have to shave your ears because that is where most of the freaking hair on your head goes. The hair also relocates to other convenient and imaginative spots — like your nose. Inside and out.

I have what I call the "Rat Pack" growing on the middle of the outside of my nose. It's a closely knit cluster of 5 little hair buddies: Frank, Dean, Sammy, Joey, and Peter. Of course, I've got plenty of room for one more and am prepared to add Shirley if she decides to join us.

Unfortunately, you Traditionals don't understand this humorous reference any more than I understand why my dad thinks Bob Hope is funny, but at least I know who Bob Hope is. That's because we Baby Boomers know lots more useless stuff than the current Echo Wave generation does. Our cultural literacy is much greater because our teachers didn't worry about our self esteem. We were tough, dammit. Some of us couldn't even wear jeans to school.

And here we are at GSU, falling apart, shaving our noses, outscoring you Traditionals on exams, waking up in the morning and telling ourselves, "The energy will come, the energy will come," and then realizing about three in the afternoon that the freaking energy is never going to come.

Here we are thinking seriously about the Ginsana ads, looking twice at that disgusting *Men's Health* magazine on the rack in Dominicks, and convincing ourselves that given a choice of a man with a paunch or a man that's too skinny, women go with the paunch nine out of 10 times; we also believe that monkeys will fly out of our butts at some point or another.

I want to clear things up for the traditional students now. Some of you may think that there is a degree of mean spiritedness that I am directing toward you. I want you to know — in all sincerity — that this is absolutely true, and that I am bitter and despise you all. The one thing that gets me through all this angst is that I know that one day, when you least expect it, you will wake up and look in the mirror and there will be an age spot just sitting demurely on your face. They sit there quietly; they are very confident entities and have no reason to mock you in an overt fashion. They understand the gig. All they have to do is show up.

And all you have to do is show up to class, look young and beautiful, and try to keep things in perspective. You're young. If you want to take two classes instead of six, just do it. Stop whining, and keep your hair combed.

Discretely Passionate Ranting

by Ted Spaniak

The neurotic shopper

I was shopping at Dominick's, in the midst of trying to decide whether the reduced fat Chips Ahoy cookies would be a better for me than the normal fat version, when I became aware of the shopping music that had been selected to heighten my experience and reduce the pain of spending another \$150 on food. The song playing was "Hey Nineteen" by Steely Dan. It occurred to me that had the management of Dominick's known the content of the lyric, they might not have wanted it playing through their "hi-tech" ceiling speakers.

You see, "Hey Nineteen" is about a middle-aged guy who is in the process of picking up a nineteen year-old woman at a bar. They have nothing in common, but that doesn't stop Donald Fagen, the singer of the tune, from suggesting they try the horizontal mambo or some other planar permutation of — as my Mother would say — "the marriage act." The singer goes on to assure the listeners and the woman involved that "The Cuervo Gold" and "The fine Columbian make tonight a wonderful thing."

After reaching another painful shopping decision (the Maurice Lenell chocolate chip cookies won out), it occurred to me that instead of the overly-made-up, septuagenarian ladies grilling samples of sausage, maybe Dominick's could make shopping a wonderful thing if they had 19 year-old women offering the shoppers some fare with a little more of an edge to it. Then again, if I had any business acumen, I wouldn't be trying to get a Master's in English at age forty.

Gardening nightmares

And speaking of "the marriage act," I'm going to have to start explaining this phenomenon to my boy pretty soon. Although he's only three right now, I'd like to be prepared for the time he starts putting two and two together so that I can put one and one together for him.

My mother, God bless her, tried to be as helpful as possible. However, I don't think I can bring myself to use the "daddy plants a seed" story. I took it literally. I kept looking for top soil and gloves and stuff. I really lost a lot of sleep over that one. I wonder if I should work the Cuervo Gold and the fine Columbian into the explanation?

The Manowano story

And speaking of my son, who just turned three on October 2nd, I have transcribed his first story because I'm a disgustingly proud parent who writes in a college newspaper that literally scores read, but it's a pretty good story anyway, so I really can't feel like too much of a putz about it although I realize that I'm taking advantage of the people who do read this crap but then again, it's free crap so what does it really matter; after all, this is the Relasubjective Sensorysection, so readers must expect a relative and subjective point of view, run-on sentences, and you know readers, you could try contributing or complaining or, perhaps, streaking through the cafeteria with only this section wrapped around your shameful parts or maybe have a big "Burn the INNOVATOR" demonstration. Here's the story:

Once upon a time, Manowano was running over the hills by herself. Then she was running down the path and a wolf came and caught her in his mouth. She flew out of his mouth and went into space. Now she flew home and lived happily ever after at her Mima's house. The end.

Intro, rising action, climax, and a denouement. So concise. Not a fragment to be found. Wish I could do that.

"Planned Care of Older Relatives with Mary Geis"

The Human Resources Office is offering a second workshop in the Professional Enrichment Program Workshop Series to the university community.

The workshop, titled "Planned Care for Older Relatives with Mary Geis," is scheduled for Tuesday, October 22, in the Hall of Honors from 9 a.m. to noon.

Learn how to plan and anticipate the needs of older relatives. This workshop will focus on locating, accessing, and evaluating community resources that are available to help caregivers.

To register, call Jennifer Blaeser, Human Resources, (708) 534-5306.

The Polygon Puzzles

by Dennis Thom

Hi everyone. If you or someone you know play the lottery you might be interest in knowing exactly how many different combinations of six numbers are possible with those 54 numbers. The answer can be found using a \$15 calculator in about five seconds. Stop by Student Development if you'd like to see how. The answer is 25, 827,165.

1. Mrs. Germain, Young Noether and Somerville each have one daughter. Each of the four named their daughter using the first name of one of the other three mothers. All of the first names were used. Find the first name of each mother and her daughter using the information below:

- A. Mrs. Germain's first name is not Grace and her daughter's name is not Mary.
- B. Emma is not the first name of Mrs. Somerville nor is it the first name of her daughter.
- C. Mrs. Young's daughter's name is not Sophie nor is it her first name.
- D. Mrs. Somerville's first name was either Mary or Emma and Mrs. Young's first name was either Grace or Sophie.
- E. Mary was not the name of Mrs. Young's daughter.
- F. Mrs. Germain's daughter's name was not Sophie nor was Emma Mrs. Germain's first name.

2. A jar contains 15 marbles of three different colors. There are at least two marbles of each color and there are more red marbles than either one of the other two colors. The number of marbles of each color is different. How many marbles would a person have to draw out of the jar to be sure they would get at least one red marble:

- A. 5 B. 8 C. 9 D. 10 E. 11

Federal Trade Commission news briefs

True or False.

- Most cars are designed to run on regular gasoline and regular gasoline is all you need.
- If you hear severe knocking while you drive, you should switch to a higher octane gasoline.
- The octane number reflects the amount of energy or power in the gasoline. The higher the octane, the more power you get for your car.

Answers.

- True. While some of the more expensive car models require premium gasoline, for most cars the right octane is regular.
- True. Severe engine knock, which is identified as a loud knocking or pinging sound in the engine, should not be ignored because it can cause engine damage. If switching to higher octane does not solve the problem, see your mechanic.
- False. The octane number is simply the measure of the antiknock performance of a gasoline. Most cars only need regular (87) octane to resist engine knock. Some sports and luxury cars need higher octane (89 or 92) because they have high-compression engines. In general, higher octane gasoline will not increase your car's power or acceleration.

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If you are a GSU student, advertise here free (see page 2 for explanation). Up to 25 words will be listed, but a copy of your GSU student ID must be included. All others, rate are 25¢ per word. Send in or drop off ad and proper ID at "INNOVATOR" drop box in student life or at the Innovator Office, Room A2110. No ID, no free ad. Or, FAX your ad (with proper ID if student) to: (708) 534-8953.

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 AD to read: _____

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Physical Therapy student association hosting Physical Therapy Fair from Oct. 28-30 in Hall of Governors. Free posture screenings and play Physical Therapy Jeopardy for prizes.

Famous Quotations Know who said them?

- And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
A. Scott B. Shakespeare C. Moore
- The mouse that hath one hole is quickly taken.
A. Kipling B. Shakespeare C. Herbert
- For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
A. Shakespeare B. Montagne C. Emerson
- Plain as a nose in a man's face.
A. Franklin B. Rabelais C. Jefferson
- Obedience alone gives the right to command.
A. Shakespeare B. Emerson C. Scott
- Westward the star of empire takes its way.
A. J.Q. Adams B. Jefferson C. Hamilton
- Undertake not what yo cannot perform but be
be careful to keep your promise
A. Washington B. Kennedy C. E.Hoover
- There is a skeleton in every house.
A. Shakespeare B. Anonymous C. Franklin
- All sorrows are bearable, if there is bread.
A. Shakespeare B. Whitman C. Cervantes

Answers: 1. A 2. C 3. A 4. B 5. B 6. A 7. A 8. B 9. C

Answers to the Polygon Puzzles

- Sophie Germain, daughter Grace
Grace Young, daughter Emma
Emma Noether, daughter Mary
Mary Somerville, daughter Sophie

- D. 10
There could be six 43 red and five and four of the other two colors.